1489. d. 43.

THE

Splendid Shilling.

A

POEM,

In Imitation of *MILTON.*

By the Author of *Bleinheim.*

-------- *Sing Heavenly Muſe,*
Things unattempted yet in Proſe or Rhyme,
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimera's dire. -- *Milton.*

LONDON:

Printed, and Sold by *B. Bragg*, at the Blue-Ball in *Ave-Mary Lane.*

Splendid Shilling

A

POEM.

LONDON:

Printed, and Sold by B. Bragg, at the Blue Ball in Ave-
Mary Lane. 1705.

A
POEM,
In Imitation of *MILTON.*

HAppy the Man, who void of Cares and Strife,
In Silken or in Leathern Purſe retains
A Splendid Shilling; he nor hears with Pain
New Oyſters cry'd, nor ſighs for chearful Ale;
But with his Friends, when Nighty Miſts ariſe,
To *Juniper*'s, or *Magpye*, or *Town-Hall* repairs:
Where mindful of the Nymph, whoſe wanton Eye
Transfix'd his Soul, and kindled Am'rous Flames,
Chloe or *Phillis*; he each Circling Glaſs
Wiſheth her Health, and Joy, and equal Love.
Mean while he ſmoaks, and laughs at merry Tale,
Or *Pun* ambiguous, or *Conundrium* quaint.
But I whom griping Penury ſurrounds,
And Hunger, ſure Attendant upon Want,
With ſcanty Offals, and ſmall Acid Tiff,
(Wretched Repaſt) my meagre Corps ſuſtain:
Then ſolitary Walk, or Doze at Home.

In Garret vile, and with a warming Puff
Regale chill'd Fingers, or from Tube as black
As Winter's Chimney, or well-poliſh'd Jett,
Exale *Mundungus*, ill-perfuming Smoak.
Not blacker Tube, nor of a Shorter Size,
Smoaks *Cambro Britain* (vers'd in Pedigree,
Sprung from *Cadwalader* and *Arthur*, ancient Kings,
Full famous in Romantick Tale) when he
O'er many a craggy Hill, and fruitleſs Cliff,
Upon a Cargo of fam'd *Ceſtrian* Cheeſe,
High over-ſhadowing rides, with a Deſign
To vend his Wares, or at the *Arvonian* Mart,
Or *Maridunum*, or the ancient Town
High *Morgannumia*, or where *Vaga*'s Stream
Encircles *Ariconium*, fruitful Soil,
Whence flow Nectareous Wines, that well may vie
With *Maſic*, *Setian*, or Renown'd *Talern*.
Thus while my joyleſs Hours I ling'ring Spend
With Looks demure, and ſilent Pace, a *Dun*,
Horrible Monſter! hated by Gods and Men,
To my Aerial Citadel aſcends;
With Vocal Heel thrice thund'ring at my Gates,
With hideous Accent thrice he calls; I know
The Voice ill boding, and the ſolemn Sound;
What ſhould I do, or whither turn? amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark Receſs I fly
Of Woodhole; ſtreight my briſtling Hairs erect,

My

My Tongue forgets her Faculty of Speech,
So horrible he ſeems; his faded Brow
Entrench'd with many a Frown, and *Conic* Beard,
And ſpreading Band admir'd by Modern Saint,
Diſaſtrous Acts forebode; in his Right Hand
Long Scrolls of Paper ſolemnly he waves,
With Characters and Figures dire inſcrib'd,
Grievous to Mortal Eye, (ye Gods avert
Such Plagues from Righteous Men) behind him ſtalks
Another Monſter, not unlike himſelf,
Of Aſpect ſullen, by the Vulgar called
A *Catchpole*, whoſe polluted Hands the Gods
With Force incredible, and Magic Charms,
Erſt have endu'd, if he his ample Palm
Should haply on ill-fated Shoulder lay
Of Debtor, ſtreight his Body to the Touch
Obſequious (as whilom Knights were wont)
To ſome enchanted Caſtle is convey'd;
Where Gates impregnable, and coercive Charms
In durance vile detain him, 'till in form
Of Money, *Pallas* ſet the Captive free.
Beware, ye Debtors, when ye walk, beware,
Be circumſpect; oft with inſidious Ken,
This Caitiff Eyes your Steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a Creek or gloomy Cave,
Prompt to enchant ſome inadvertent Wretch
With his unhallow'd Touch. So (Poets ſing)

Grimalkin to Domeſtick Vermin ſworn
An everlaſting Foe, with watchful Eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky Gap,
Portending her fell Claws, to thoughtleſs Mice
Sure Ruin to her diſembowell'd Web;
The Spider in a Hall or Kitchin ſpreads,
Obvious to vagrant Flies: She ſecret ſtands
Within her woven Cell; the Humming Prey
Regardleſs of their Fate, ruſh on the Toils
Inextricable: Nor will ought avail
Their Arts nor Arms, nor Shapes of Lovely Hue.
The Waſp inſidious, and the buzing Drone,
And Butterfly proud of expanded Wings,
Diſtinct with Gold, entangled in her Snares,
Uſeleſs Reſiſtance make: With eager Strides,
The tow'ring Flies to her expected Spoils;
Then with envenom'd Jaws the vital Blood
Drinks of reluctant Foes, and to her Cave
Their bulky Careaſſes triumphant drags.

So paſs my Days, but when nocturnal Shades
This World invelop, and th' inclement Air
Perſwades Men to repel benumming Froſts,
With pleaſant Wives, and crackling Blaze of Wood;
The lonely Sitting, nor the glimmering Light
Of Make-Weight Candle, nor the Joyous Talk
Of lonely Friend delights; diſtreſs'd, forlorn,

Amidſt

Amidſt the Horrors of the tedious Night,
Darkling I ſigh, and feed with diſmal Thoughts
My anxious Mind; or ſometimes mournful Senſe
Indite, and ſing of Groves and Myrtle Shades
Or deſperate Lady near a purling Stream,
Or Lover pendent on a Willow-Tree:
Mean while I labour with eternal Drought
And reſtleſs wiſh, in vain, my parched Throat
Finds no Relief, nor heavy Eyes Repoſe:
But if a Slumber haply does invade
My weary Limbs, my Fancy ſtill awakes,
Longing for Drink, and eager in my Dream,
Tipples Imaginary Pots of Ale.
Awake, I find the ſettled Thirſt
Still gnawing, and the pleaſant Phantom curſe.

Thus do I live, from Pleaſure quite debarr'd,
Nor taſte the Fruits that the Sun's genial Rays
Mature, John Apple, nor the downy Peach,
Nor Walnut in rough-furrow'd Coat ſecure,
Nor Medlar Fruit delicious in decay;
Afflictions great, yet greater ſtill remain,
My *Galligaskins* that have long withſtood
The Winter's Fury, and encroaching Froſts,
By time ſubdu'd, (what will not time ſubdue!)
A Horrid Chaſm diſcloſe, with Orifice.
Wide diſcontinuous; at which the Winds

Eurus

Eurus and *Auſter*, and the dreadful Force
Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Cronian* Waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling Blaſts,
Portending Aques. Thus a well-fraught Ship
Long ſail'd ſecure, or through the *Equean* Deep,
Or the *Ionian*, 'till cruiſing near
The *Lily-bean* Shoar, with hideous Cruſh
On *Scylla* or *Caribdis* dangerous Rocks;
She ſtrikes rebounding, whence the ſhatter'd Oak,
So fierce a Shock unable to withſtand,
Admits the Sea in at the gaping Side.
The crowding Waves guſh with impetuous Rage,
Reſiſtleſs overwhelming; Horrors ſeize
The Mariners, Death in their Eyes appear,
They ſtare, they lave, they pump, they ſwear, they pray,
Vain Efforts, ſtill the battering Waves ruſh in
Implacable, 'till delug'd by the Foam,
The Ship ſinks found'ring in the vaſt Abyſs.

FINIS.

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